

It was Bro. Rob who remained a consistent and powerful voice against Tyranny and racial oppression of black Americans.

And now its Bro. Rob who is calling upon every black worker everywhere to stand resolute like a wall of granite and to oppose the racist Kangaroo Mob in Monroe, North Carolina, Lansing or Detroit, Michigan and wherever it raises it's head.

We black workers should all resolve that if Rob goes we all will go. Our mere self preservation demands that we now fight back.

EXHIBIT 66

[Detroit News, Sunday, Feb. 15, 1970]

WILLIAMS' 8-YEAR ODYSSEY

(By Robert F. Williams)

Eight years can be a long time. With modern technology what it is today, one naturally expects a shrunken world to be more susceptible to scientific, social and political change.

Despite the fact that society is in a perpetual and accelerated state of social transition and mutation, formidable pockets of sociopolitical reaction permeate the new scene. During my more than eight years of exile I have been near the center of the past decade's most astounding storms of social conflict and change. I was in Cuba when Fidel Castro established the first socialist country in the sphere of the Monroe Doctrine.

I was in Cuba during the tense hours of the great missile crisis and I witnessed the emergence of a new and different Cuba. In Cuba, I learned that it takes more than just a change of system or government to eradicate age-old social evils, and that all advocates of violent social change are not necessarily free of tendencies toward social injustice.

In 1966, after some differences with some members of the Cuban Communist Party relative to the racial situation in the United States, I found refuge in The People's Republic of China. Again, I found myself in the midst of great social change. It was such a different world from what I had known that sometimes I felt that it was more of a dream than reality.

Indeed, it was a strange twist of fate that had thrust me from the civil rights struggle of the little Southern town of Monroe, N.C., into the world arena of sociopolitical dislocation and revolutionary struggle. I arrived in Peking at the beginning of the Cultural Revolution and remained there through its many critical stages until Mao Tse-tung emerged clearly as the leading factor in China's great quest for control of its own destiny.

During my exile, I had the good fortune to meet and talk to revolutionary leaders such as Che Guevara, Castro, Ho Chi Minh, Pham Van Dong, Chou En-lai and Mao. The more I traveled and exchanged views with people from all parts of the world, the more difficult it became for me to reconcile myself to the fact that I was unjustly accused as a kidnaper in my native land.

To be held in such high esteem by honorable people from all parts of the world and to know that all who met and conversed with me were convinced that I was anything but a criminal, while the power structure in America preferred to condemn me rather than to evaluate my case on the basis of fact and impartiality, as a constant source of irritation and frustration.

It was a source of continual anger to know that my only crime consisted of the fact that as a black man functioning as chairman of the local branch of the NAACP I had incurred the wrath of the Ku Klux Klan and its racist contemporaries. Every minute of my exile, I resented having been forced from my native land by bigots who moved might and main to destroy me because of my insistence that black Americans, too, were entitled to constitutional and human rights.

Despite the fact that as a black refugee from America I was accorded all the courtesies reserved for friendly foreign dignitaries and honored guests, I was never really able to throw off my American conditioning. No matter where I went and how favorable I found the situation I could never forget that I was an "American Negro" and that eventually I would either have to sever my close spiritual ties with my oppressed people or return to their fold.

Exile can be dramatic, but there is really nothing glamorous about it, especially when one faces the prospect of being continuously banned from his homeland. Psychologically, my greatest stress came from the fact that I could never forget that I was unjustly forced out of America. If I had left America other than as a

fugitive from white supremacy repression, I could easily have resigned myself to a contented life in China.

In addition to my exile, my wife and two young sons were forced to bear the same isolation from relatives, friends and the black psyche that is found only in America. I saw my children grow up more proficient in other languages than in their own native tongue. Environments free of juvenile delinquency, crime and pot were healthy for them, but as far as total identity they were becoming foreigners to the entire world.

I came back to America because I wanted to work for constructive change. I came back because I wanted to work for peaceful relations between the Chinese and American peoples. I came back because I wanted to contribute my rare experience to the cause of liberation of my people.

I came back because I am not a criminal and am not guilty of having committed any crime. I resent the law being used to deprive me of the right to live at home simply because I am considered a black problem child.

More than eight years ago, I left America to elude a vicious and howling lynch mob that carried the weight of tyrannical Southern law on its side. I have returned in hope of finding a new tendency wherein I would be judged more on the basis of impartial fact than on bigoted emotion.

I returned hoping to see a new sense of human decency and justice override sinister tyranny, but it remains to be seen whether or not my expectations are out of proportion to the American capacity to abide by its own Constitution.

That nation which is insensate to the cry for social change and justice and insists on maintaining an outmoded order of oppression forfeits its right to exist—America is no exception. Yes, I have been an exile abroad—but worst of all, I remain an exile today in my own native land, for the black man is an internal exile in America. He is excluded from the inner circles of the "American way of life."

The time has come for America to change. If she is to survive, America must change!

Is it too much for black people to ask constitutional and human rights from America? Is it too much for a white American to be expected to respect his own Constitution and the Christian injunction to "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you"?

There is an awful storm building up against America in the world. I have seen it. Only through righteousness can America avoid disaster.

I have returned to witness the approaching good or bad, and I have come with the satisfaction of knowing that as I have emerged from exile abroad, so shall my people soon emerge from the internal exile at home, either in a greater, more humane America or in the smoke that once was America.

HIS BACKGROUND

Robert F. Williams, one of America's most controversial black leaders, is in Detroit fighting extradition to North Carolina on charges of kidnapping. Williams fled the United States in 1961 after the charges were made, and lived in Cuba and Red China. He has written his story of those eight years for *The News*.

Williams was born in Monroe, N.C. He worked in Detroit as a machinist after having served as a marine sergeant during the Korean war. In 1955 he returned to the South, drawn by the civil rights movement.

What caused the kidnapping charges against him? On Aug. 27, 1961, a group of blacks marched around the Monroe courthouse to protest segregation. Whites attacked them and rioting occurred. Later a white couple driving through the town's black neighborhood was surrounded by about 200 armed blacks. Williams contends he took the couple into his home to protect them. Police later charged him with kidnaping the couple, claiming they held them hostage to gain the release of demonstrators.

Williams asked for political asylum in Cuba, arriving there via New York and Canada. His wife and two sons joined him. In 1966 he and his family went to Red China.

In 1967, a year of devastating racial upheaval in the United States, Pontiac attorney Milton R. Henry formed the separatist Republic of New Africa (RNA), with one of its goals acquisition of the states of Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, South Carolina and Louisiana for blacks. The RNA in Detroit in 1968 elected Williams president in absentia.

But for Williams, this political alliance was brief. He returned to Michigan last Sept. 12, to fight the charges against him in court. He said he felt his chances for justice were better in Michigan than elsewhere. On Nov. 12, Gov. Milliken announced that he would honor North Carolina's extradition request. That decision is under appeal.

Then Williams, on Dec. 2, announced he had resigned as president of the RNA. Explaining why, he disavowed the word "separatist" and said integration is "more desirable." He said his philosophy is one of "self-determination for black people."

(Note.—The Senate Internal Security Subcommittee and the House Un-American Activities Committee have reported on the appearance of the name of an individual or organization in this index.)

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